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"SALADA"

GREEN TEA #461

If you enjoy green tea you will be satisfied with no other blend. — Try it today.

Woman's Sphere

DOES YOUR CHILD DO WELL IN SCHOOL.

It was a blow to the family pride for the Hardys when young Johnny failed so utterly to make good in school. The Hardys were smart people. John, Sr., was a township trustee; Mrs. Hardy, an ex-school teacher. What law of heredity or power of environment could be operating to put little John in the "dub" class?

Fifty paces away stood a billboard with circus pictures on it. Idly throwing stones at the elephant as he studied over little John's report card, Hardy landed one right on the tip of the animal's trunk.

"Try that, Johnny," he cried. "Hit the elephant right on the tip of his sneezer, like your dad did."

"How d'ye know that's his sneezer? How d'ye know it's an elephant, standing way off like that?" demurred Johnny.

"Can't you see it?" exclaimed Mr. Hardy, a great light dawning upon him.

"I can now!" admitted Johnny, having gone within thirty feet of the billboard.

That made the diagnosis. His dullness was explained. That very afternoon Johnny was sent to the oculist.

When he started to school again on the following Monday it was a new John who took the seat in the "dub" row. And it was a new John who jumped with astonishing speed and agility over row after row until he reached the "king" row. Spectacles had wrought the miracle. Properly fitted lenses had opened the windows of a new world for little John Hardy.

This is no uncommon incident. Intelligent parents often take it for granted that their children would complain if they needed artificial help for their vision. But children who have always had a certain range of vision, children whose eyes are impaired by astigmatism, do not realize that they are under a handicap. They are seeing with just the same accuracy that they have always seen; how are they to know that the object that is nothing much but a blur to them is clear and distinct to others. They make no complaint, because their conception of good vision does not lead them to expect anything better. There is no greater tragedy in our schools to-day than the stigma of dullness, when his real trouble lies in the fact that he cannot see the letters and figures that are placed on the blackboard by the teacher, or has difficulty reading the books that are supposed to be the source of his information.

If your child does not do well in school give him the inestimable benefit of a very careful examination by a conscientious doctor.

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS.

Oh, gracious goodness, I declare! Discouragement will o'er me steal, When I see Molly sitting there, And never touching her oatmeal.

Oh, Jack, how can you hope to grow To be a man and join the navy, When you are so eternal slow In eating that good bread and gravy?

Now, Fred, it's no use looking hurt, And putting on that dreadful frown; You know you won't get your dessert Till all your vegetables are down.

—Alma Manley Horn.

THE USEFUL TEA WAGON.

The tea wagon has many uses. A rather novel use is that to which it was put by a woman with a small baby. Her tea wagon was of enameled metal and was easily cleaned. She put the baby's clean clothes on the lower shelf and put the baby's bath tub on the top shelf and found it very easy to bathe the baby. The tea wagon was of such a height that she did not have to bend over, thus saving herself backache. She had the baby's clothes near at hand, and since the house was not always warm enough it was possible for her to take the baby into the

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Dignified, But Funny.

Little Dorothy's mother was showing her new dress to some of the neighbors. "Oh, mother, what a pretty dress!" cried Dorothy. "Do wear it to-night." "No, darling," said the mother, "not to-night. This is to wear at the party next week when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner." Dorothy showed her disappointment. "But, mother," she said, suddenly, "can't we pretend just for this evening that daddy is a gentleman?"

Flexible armor was copied from the scales of the fish. Also consider our latter day mesh-bag, milady's fond conceit. The file, the anchor, rails and grooves of guidance, dovetailing and many manual instruments all have their counterpart in Nature.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the night-duty system. The pupils receive uniforms of the Hospital, wear at home and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

ISSUE No. 51-23.

LEFT-OVER VINEGAR.

In many households there is often a quantity of spiced vinegar left over from sweet pickles of various sorts. It need present no problem to the thrifty housewife, and she does not need to throw it away. If, after heating it, she will add enough dissolved gelatin to make quite a stiff jelly she will find it is a delicious relish to serve with cold meat. Or she will find it makes a pretty salad garnish or, cut in thin slices, it may make a novel and tasty addition to almost any kind of sandwich.

HER MAGIC SECRET.

A mother who always managed to look neat and trim in the midst of the rush of things was once asked her magic secret.

"Oh, there are two of them," she replied laughingly, "a white collar and a hair net."

Although she seemed to consider the question as a joke, in these two articles really lay the secret of her trim appearance. Once her hair had been neatly arranged the hair net kept it so. It was the work of a moment to adjust the fresh, becoming white collar, yet it gave a note of distinction and character to the simplest house dress.

A NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE SCHOOL DRESS.

4253. Blue or brown serge would be good for this style. It is also nice for velvet, knit woollens, and taffeta. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. In black velvet or blue jersey, with collar and trimmings of suede, this style would be unique and attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. For collar of contrasting material 40 inches wide 1/2 yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

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GREENMANTLE

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

Hannus, almost in tears, repeated his tale. "The man struck me in good German," he cried. "I shot or no ghost he is safe enough up the road," said the officer. "Kind God, that was a big one!" He stopped and stared at a shell-burst, for the bombardment from the east was growing fiercer.

They stood discussing the fire for a minute and presently moved off. Peter gave them two minutes' law and then clambered back to the highway and set off along it at a run. The snarl of the shelling and the wind, together with the thick darkness, made it safe to hurry.

He left the road at the first chance and took to the broken country. The ground was now rising towards a spur of the Palantuken, on the far slope of which were the Turkish trenches. The night had begun by being pretty nearly as black as pitch; even the smoke from the shell explosions, which is often visible in darkness, could not be seen. But as the wind blew the snow-clouds athwart the sky patches of stars came out. Peter had a compass, but he didn't need to use it, for he had a kind of "feel" for landscape, a special sense which is born in savages and can only be acquired after long experience by the white man. I believe he could smell where the north lay. He had settled roughly which part of the Pass he would try, merely because of its nearness to the enemy. But he might see reason to vary this, and as he moved he began to think that the safest place was where the shelling was hottest. He didn't like the notion, but it sounded sense.

Suddenly he began to puzzle over queer things in the ground, and, as he had never seen big gnus before, it took him a moment to fix them. Presently he saw that at his elbow with a roar like the Last Day. These were the Austrian howitzers—nothing over 8-inch, I fancy, but to Peter they looked like leviathans. Here, too, he saw for the first time a big and quite recent shell-hole, for the Russian guns were searching out the position. He was so interested in it all that he poked his nose where he shouldn't have been, and dropped plump into the pit behind a gun-emplacment.

Greatly to his surprise he found the world over the same—shy people, who hide themselves in holes and hibernate and mortally dislike being detected.

A gruff voice cried "Wer da?" and a heavy hand seized his neck.

Peter was ready with his story. He belonged to Michael's wagon-team and had been left behind. He wanted to be told the way to the sapper's camp. He was very apologetic, not to say obsequious.

"It is one of those Prussian swine from the Marta Bridge," said a gunner. "Land him a kick to teach him sense. Bear to your right, mannikin, and you will find the road. And have a care when you get there, for the Russkoes are registering on it."

Peter thanked them and bore off to the right. After that he kept a wary eye on the howitzers, and was shrewd when he got out of their area on to the slopes up the hill. Here was the type of country that was familiar to him, and he defied any Turk or Boole to spot him among the scrub and boulders. He was getting on very well, when once more, close to his ear, came a sound like the crack of doom.

It was the field guns now, and the sound of a field-gun close at hand is never in his life had he seen big shelling, and was now being landed in the thick of a first-class show without any preparation. He said he felt cold in his stomach, and very wishful to run away, if there had been anywhere to run to. But he kept on to the crest of the ridge, over which a big glow was broadening like a sunrise. He tripped once over a wire, which he took for some kind of snare, and after that the fire burning merrily and the place looking cleaner than they had ever seen it before! They rubbed their eyes and spoke to one another of the old fairy tales of the elves that came to help the good housewife.

When the same thing occurred the next morning they decided to set one of their number to watch during the night. Towards morning the sentinel saw the general appear in the tent and quietly arrange the officers' boots, all perfectly polished, in a row. As soon as the general had gone the man aroused his comrades and told them the staggering news.

Presently Marko was summoned to the general's presence; he guessed that the general had overheard his foolish words of complaint. "Marko," said the general, "did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?"

"Why, yes, sire!" was Marko's amazed response.

"Then you remember the lesson He gave His disciples when He washed their feet?"

Marko's heart was suddenly filled with shame.

"Marko," continued the officer, "I am your general because a general is supposed to be able to do any of the duties of those under his charge as well as much more. I have shown you that I can do your work, but you must not think that I have not enjoyed doing it!" His eyes twinkled with delight. "In every perfect service there

is hidden a great treasure. Will you not say that a man truly serves his God?"

That was the beginning of a great change for Marko and his friends. There was never any more need of complaint, and when the war was over Marko returned to his own village to begin there a new life of peace and prosperity. He had achieved what he had longed for, and he had done it by the grace of God.

1924—The Stranger.

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A Stranger steps towards the throng, Unknown, unnamed, and unakin, Humble their haughty signs among, Wise as the unwise Seraphim, A weeping, yet past measure, A pilgrim, yet a priest, Powdered with the snow of Disowning centuries, He moves 'mid agony, Ye solemn beings, pray, —Walt Whitman

"The Man of Service."

From Serbia comes an account of a popular hero in one of the country districts a peasant named Marko, known far and wide as "The Perfect Service."

"With nine of his peasant he was detailed during the G. to do orderly work with a general staff. It was the duty of and his companions to keep thing in order about the general headquarters."

They had not been at work long before the general received loud complaints of their slackness. He called them before him. "Brothers," he said, "you are here to render service to myself and my officers. Let it be done joyously and perfectly. That is all. Look! The general showed marked improvement. But before long the complaints began again. One night as Marko and the others were settling to sleep the flap of their tent lifted, and the general appeared. "Good-night, brothers!" he said. "I hope all is well with you."

"Good night," was the gruff rejoinder. "When the flap had fallen Marko cried: 'Brothers indeed! Who's he calling brothers! Don't we do all the work! What is he a general for, I'd like to know? He's no better than the rest of us.'"

The next morning when they awoke they discovered to their astonishment the officers' boots, brightly polished, standing in a row just inside the tent. They hastened into the hall and found the fire burning merrily and the place looking cleaner than they had ever seen it before! They rubbed their eyes and spoke to one another of the old fairy tales of the elves that came to help the good housewife.

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BANK OF MONTREAL ANNUAL MEETING

At Annual Meeting of Bank of Montreal Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., the President, Reviews Business and Agricultural Conditions in Canada and Deals With Principal Features of Revision of Bank Act.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, Emphasizes Necessity in Canada for Reduction in Cost of Living and Taxation.

Obtaining Accuracy in Measuring Canada.

The necessity for exact surveys in order to properly develop the natural resources of a country is everywhere recognized and it is the aim of the different organizations entrusted with Canada's surveys to attain as near as possible to absolute accuracy. Every one knows in a general way that in a geodetic survey of a continent or country the surface is mathematically covered by triangles, the triangle being the figure into which every conceivable outline can be divided. Every one knows too that if a mathematician is given the length of one side of a triangle and the angles which the other sides make with that line he can determine the length of the other two sides exactly, and, consequently, the position of the third angle. Since any number of triangles may be built up on the first one, the need of knowing the exact length of the first line of all will be apparent. This line is called the "base line" and is measured on the ground with all the exactitude known to modern science.

This measurement of base lines is therefore one of the features of the work of the Geodetic Survey of Canada and the latest advances in science and improvements in instruments are employed to secure the best results.

Successful Devices.

A level piece of prairie presents ideal conditions for running a base line and where the line is run on comparatively level woods all the brush and trees are away and devices are used to prevent error due to surface of the ground.

It is hidden a great treasure. Will you not say that a man truly serves his God?"

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